

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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CHANTREY'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, NOW IN THE STATE HOUSE AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

[illegible]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1861.

THE SUGAR QUESTION.

It has been assumed that the civilized world consumes each year about 1,600,000 tons of sugar—which are derived mainly from the West Indies, the Southern States of this Union, the Mauritius, British India, and Java. About one-third of this quantity comes from Java. One-fifth of the total amount is derived from Asia and the islands adjacent. Another fifth—which includes sorghum and maple sugar—is obtained from the United States. One-eighth of the total amount consists of beet-sugar, raised in France, Germany, Belgium, etc., etc. It is thus figured that the United States claim to produce more than a rough average. Nothing is more fluctuating than the sugar crop, especially in our Southern States. In 1853, Louisiana produced 495,156,000 pounds of sugar; in 1856, only 81,373,000; in 1860, about 276,000,000 pounds. But as an average, the above proportion is believed to be generally correct.

DISTRIBUTION OF 1,600,000 TONS OF SUGAR PRODUCED AND CONSUMED ANNUALLY IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD.		
	Consumption.	Production.
The United States.....	450,000	350,000
Great Britain.....	420,000	None
France.....	165,000	175,000
The West Indies.....	15,000	620,000
Brazil.....	12,000	325,000
Continental Europe.....	10,000	100,000
Other countries.....	465,000	25,000
	63,000	5,000
	1,600,000	1,600,000

Under the present tariff, which was enacted in 1857, foreign sugar pays a duty of 24 per cent. in this country. The Louisiana planter has always stated that without this duty he could not grow sugar profitably. It is now proposed to reduce the duty say to twelve per cent. Should this be done, and should the cultivation of sugar in Louisiana be abandoned for the cultivation of cotton, the annual product of the cane, in the civilized world, will be diminished by one-sixteenth. Whether this will produce any effect on the price remains to be seen.

The world contains sugar-producing countries which have never been considered in reports of political economists. China is a very large producer of sugar, though thus far it has exported but little. It is possible that the changes which recent events are producing in the commercial relations between China and Europe and America may lead to an exportation of Chinese sugar.

THE NEW LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury has called for a new loan of \$8,000,000, under the act passed on 8th inst. The money is required to pay soldiers, sailors, and others whose claims on the Government have accumulated to this large amount, and have been left unpaid for some time. The bonds are to be sixes, and are to mature in twenty years. It is not supposed that the negotiation will be an advantage to the Government. It was proposed to obtain for the bonds the endorsement of the States of New York, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, and Massachusetts; and, as fortified, it is supposed that they might have commanded par. This proposal was defeated, however, by the objections of Mr. Garnett, of Virginia; and the loan now stands upon its own merits.

OUR ARMY AND NAVY.

EUROPE is laughing pretty heartily at our army and navy arrangements in this country. They say that the late Lord Ellesmere, who proclaimed that the United States was the most warlike nation in the world, must have been a wag. Of late, it must be admitted, these departments of our Government have not shone to advantage.

Of our army, which numbers nearly 15,000 effective men, not 1000 could be rallied by the Lieutenant-General commanding for the defense of Washington. There are not 80 at Fort Sumner, and less than 70 at Fort Pickens. The side-arms of our troops suffer from being inferior to the European soldiers. With all the bravery in the world, an American regiment could not stand against an English or a French regiment, simply because the latter are so much better armed. This inferiority arises chiefly from the operation of our patent laws, which prevent the War Department to purchase "patented" weapons. It has been asserted by some journals that this law, which was introduced by Ex-Senator Jefferson Davis, was part of a conspiracy to enfeeble the United States army. This is a mistake. Senator Davis introduced the law to prevent the Government from purchasing the arms patented by the friend of a high official. Its passage almost led to a duel between him and the high official whom it checked. But whatever the motive of the Act was, its effect is to deprive our army of the arms which it should have. It should be amended so as enable the new Secretary of War to supply these weapons to the troops.

Again, as to our Navy. Wheth- ever any blame may legitimately be imputed to it, it is venerable Mr. Toncey, whose name is so familiar to our ears, who is the man to point out the fault, and he can not say; it is that about one half the vessels in the navy are unfit for service, and quite a number of others are airing their sails in a sublime useless manner on the coast of Spain. The discoveries of modern science to improve the navy. England and France have both been building scores of gun-boats, propelled by steam, drawing six to eight feet water, and carrying from six to ten guns. England has already built a frigate, cased in iron, which no cannon-ball can damage, and has ordered ten more on the same model. England has built another iron-cased frigate, as invulnerable as *La Gloire*, and has ordered ten more on the same model to build more such craft. Meanwhile the Government of the United States does not seem to conceive that naval science has made any progress in the past ten years. No one has even proposed the construction of iron-cased ships here.

MOTLEY'S GREAT HISTORY IN
LIBRARIES

THE New York Mercantile Library Association has purchased *two hundred and fifty copies* of MOTLEY'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS for their subscribers. And the Brooklyn Mercantile Library Association have taken ten copies of the same work. These are, so far as we are aware, the first instances of similar purchases by any circulating library in this country. They indicate equal enterprise and sagacity on the part of our Mercantile Library Associations.

In England circulating libraries frequently purchase five hundred copies of a popular book. Mudie, the proprietor of the leading circulating library in London, takes five hundred copies of Mr. MOTLEY'S HISTORY. A few more number would not have answered his purpose. He has several thousand subscribers at a guinea a piece. For their guinea (say \$42) these persons read every thing that is worth reading in the book literature of the day: more good books than a score of guineas would procure for them if expended annually in the purchase of books. But in order to retain their subscribers, and must have a large number of copies of each popular work, so that each may have a chance of getting it in his week or fortnight. Hence the sale of the omnibus above mentioned.

Our mercantile and circulating libraries in this country have generally been content, hitherto,

erto, with purchasing two or three copies of a popular work. Hence their subscribers, after vainly waiting to get it from the library, have been compelled either to purchase it for themselves, or to do without it altogether. It is probable that the arrangement has been beneficial to publishers, who have thus sold more books to the public directly than they would otherwise have done. But it has manifestly been an injury to circulating libraries, and is doubtless the chief cause of the embarrassment in which so many of them are chronically placed.

The New York and Brooklyn Mercantile Libraries have initiated the new plan in this country: let us watch how it succeeds.

WE have to thank Hon. JOHN COCHRANE, M.C., for public documents.

THE LOUNGER.

THE WISEST, BRIGHTEST.—OF MANKIND.
MR. HEPWORTH DIXON'S "Personal History of Lord Bacon" is a brilliant and fascinating book—an impassioned plea for a new trial—a masterpiece to carry the great cause of the World against Verulam before the final Court of Appeals, the slow justice of mankind. That such a lyrical burst of enthusiasm should spring from reconitered researches among the state papers of England shows how profound the conviction of the author is, and how his ardor not only survives research but is fed by it until it kindles the reader—until the least you can say is, if Heworth Dixon is not right, Heworth Dixon ought to be right. It is a true knight putting his lance in rest for the cause of humanity, and tilting valiantly with the courtiers and the rascals and the rascals.

The name of Bacon has so long pointed the morals of misanthropes, and adorned the tales of skeptics—it has been so doubly damned by the eloquence of Macaulay and the weight of Lord Campbell—that this plea for the reversion of attained at first attracts by its novelty.

Bacon's works are published remarkably timely also for it appears during the publication of what will doubtless be the final and standard edition of his works, edited by James Spedding, and reproduced in this country in the most fit and satisfactory form. And the effort establishes a doubt and necessity state of judgment. Hewitson & Dixon, New York, and Messrs. Putnam, New York, are the publishers, and James Spedding, with due gravity and elaboration will close the case.

The book teems with rapid, vivid glimpses of the most famous men and events of the most famous period of English history. It is not a complete and continuous biography, but a presentation of the new facts, and the new lights upon old facts, which patient and later study has developed. It proves quite clearly in how many points Bacon has been misrepresented; corrects the popular estimate of his relations with many conspicuous persons and establishes that, in the ordinary sense of the term, he was not a corrupt man. Of seven thousand judgments made by him as Lord Chancellor not a hundred were set aside.

Yet despite the glowing eloquence and, so far as the great success of his advocate, Bacon remained, still cold, remote, staid, even a man of iron. He was not a man of the heart. He was a man of the intellect. It is perhaps the hard condition of a strictly intellectual habit. A great and wise reformer, a sagacious philosopher, of pure morals, of elegant manners—all this he evidently was, but also a conformer to the law. He was a man of the law. It was in the case of Peachum, who was put to the rack in the presence of Bacon at the torture has been offered, quoted as proof of his coldness and cruelty. Mr. Dixon flies to the defense. What would you have a man do? He was a man of the law. He was a man of the law. Bacon's day that truth should be extorted by the torture than it is in ours that murderers should be hung. A hundred years hence, he argues, it might be thought as monstrous that people were hung as murderers were tortured by torture. Every man was a murderer by nature.

"Ah no, Mr. Dixon; there is the ship. Not 'every man.' If every man were to continue to support and countenance hanging how could the next century be any more civilized than the last? It is only by some man's having a conviction that it is wrong, and talking and acting upon that conviction, that public opinion will ever be changed. But Bacon must have attended, says he, to no end, or he would not have been so likely to be wrong, would he? Then? The truth is, that there is no need of an argument. On this particular point Bacon was just like the other men of his time—neither better nor worse than his contemporaries. He was born in Scotland a hundred and more years ago teachers of youth used to secure convenient windows at public executions for the entertainment and instruction of their pupils. Tender-hearted pupils would have been scarce, and the teachers would have been perhaps reasoned out a reform. Those who were not especially tender-hearted would have accepted the universal habit, and have thought of it no more. The teachers would be reproached with peculiar cruelty, but that in all

Bacon was intellectual and politically ambitious. He loved power and place. He saw serenely the public welfare, and steadily pursued it. But he was a political philosopher, by Mr. Dixon's own showing, rather than a great statesman. He served a little and mean master, and was politically ruined by little and mean men. Let it be enough, as we close this bright and fiery book, that he was no little and mean himself.

BREAKING U

It was very clear that the river might break up at any moment; for although, on Thursday night at Albany, the mercury marked twenty-nine de-

grees below zero, Monday morning broke soft and warm, and a penetrating rain fell all night. Tuesday followed with the same sunshine. Open windows were pleasant, and in country roads the mud was deep and direful. So when the up-train left the city at half past three, it was doubtful when, and where, and how it might arrive.

The river scenery was never lovelier. The dark purple masses of the Highlands stood against the yellow snow, and were reflected in the gleaming watery surface of the rolling ice in the river. You could not but think, leaving your right hand against the river, that you were standing on the edge of the world; the river is very far away, and suffices kind of paralysis, akin to that of the left side of the body. Because, suppose you are in Athens (upon the Hudson), or Kingston, or Coxsack, and are very anxious to reach New York at once—and as you hasten to the shore—the river is breaking up! You cannot go by land, and the river is breaking up! You cannot go by ice, for the ice is running. You cannot go by all. And to-night it seemed as if at any moment it might begin to run.

At length the train reached Poughkeepsie. What a capital oyster-bed that is at Poughkeepsie! (The poet and painter, C. F. C., for many years lived at Poughkeepsie, and he was right, there so much steam-puffing as in this place, and that the name of the town was merely an inglorious inversion of *Keeps-a-puffing*!) Five minutes only were allowed for oysters by the automatic arrangement of "rush-outs," and when we had all gulped our oysters, and scalded our mouths with hot tea (how *very* hot it always is at these station-rooms, where you expect every moment that sudden shriek of the agonized bell!) the train had had time to get on its feet, and the train was still standing upon the track, the five minutes passed, and then six times five, and everybody was thinking, *first*, how comfortably and at length he might have taken his tea; and, *secondly*, why are we stopping? The engine fired, the passenger cars started, the engine coughed and went out, banging the door. Another put up his window. Another nestled nervously in his seat. Another said, aloud—to nobody in particular, and as if every body would be interested in his monotonous, unmonotonous, unmonotonously monotonous "puffing!" The universal stolidity of indifference to this exclamation evidently made the speaker nervous, so he threw up his window, and putting his head out, shouted to some imaginary functionary, "Get on!" The engine answered him, "Get on!" but the engine fiddled with a dull monotony that suggested protracted sleep.

Ha! ding, ding, ding! Now we're off! The travel body shakes a little and looks happier. The ever-busy Mrs. Hudson looks up and says upon seeing that we are not compelled to hear such a noisy, filthy talk of the two semi-drunk leopards in my car, who drowsily drift indecency. We move cautiously through the gap, and just pass the bridge over the river, dream that jumps down the rocks over the hills in the light of the moon. "Blinkin' in the lift so fast. But we stop again and recede, and for a long hour yet remain upon the track, until the express from New York at five o'clock overtakes us. Then we hear that a bridge has been washed away and that the Hudson River Express, for the river is evidently about breaking up. Uniting the trains we go on, through the stars and over the dull gleam of the soft ice, to Hudson. There we diverge, and pass over the Hudson and Bear Rivers, and the Hudson River Express is busy at one o'clock, instead of half past eight. Some of us push on to Troy; the most cross at Albany. The next morning breaks soft and sunny. Passengers from Albany to the eastern shore and the river are busy at one o'clock, instead of half past eight. The ice is melting, and the river is breaking up.

In Troy the streets that open upon the river are full of people watching, and wondering how high the water will rise, and what the water will do. The stream is a torrent of broken, rolling ice, slipping swiftly and smoothly along. If all is clear below, all will be right. But if the water and the ice should be set back, there will be a terrible destruction of property. So sudden, so almost instantaneous is the breaking up of the river. Yesterday trusted like the earth; to-day as treacherous as the air. Yet every year, of all the thousands who use the frozen river as a turnpike, scarcely a life is lost in the sudden breaking up.

THE HEIR AT LAW.

THE Bonaparte case now upon trial in Paris (you must not suppose that this means the empire of Louis Napoleon) is one in which we are all interested as Americans, for an American woman is a party to the suit. The first Madame Jerome Bonaparte, the wife of the late General Jerome Bonaparte, Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, of the same clan, claims that share of the property of the late husband and father, the old Prince Jerome. The point of the case is, that if their claim is sustained the second marriage and its issue are vitiated, and those ornaments of human society, the Princes Mathilde, Madame Demidoff, and the Princess Napoleon, second wife of Prince Napoleon, find themselves placed in the doubtful position which they have hitherto assigned to the Baltimore Bonapartes.

On the 24th of December, 1803, Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the First Consul of France, was married by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Baltimore to Elizabeth Patterson, in the presence of twelve witnesses and according to law. News of the interesting event was sent to France; but nobody was sufficiently interested to protest, and the year 1804 passed without complaint from any side. But when the First Consul expanded into the Emperor, he was determined to have no foreign plebeians stain the imperial blood, and he compelled his mother to declare that her consent had not been asked. In 1806, he wrote his brother-in-law to disallow, Miss Patterson twelve thousand dollars a year, on condition that she should not adopt the imperial family name. The august monarch wrote her, at the same time, in the same way, to his brother,



OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]

THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.

Such intense interest is felt in every thing which concerns the garrison at Fort Sumter that we are

glad to present our readers with the accompanying picture of the Officers' Quarters at Fort Sumter, from a sketch kindly sent us by one of our military correspondents in that work. It shows that the gallant officers are comfortable.

GOOD-BY TO FORT SUMTER.

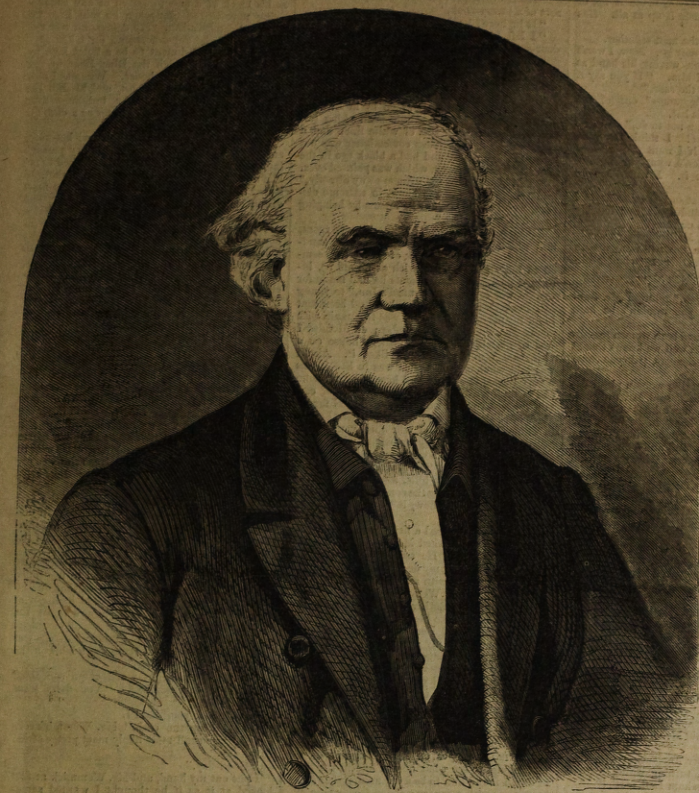
We publish herewith a picture of the good-by waved to Fort Sumter by the wives and children of the soldiers quartered in that work, as they

steamed past in the *Marion*, on 31 inst., on their way to New York. The scene is thus described in a note from one of the passengers on board the *Marion*:

"On Sunday, the 31 inst., as the steamer *Marion* was pro-



GOOD-BY TO SUMTER—FEBRUARY 8, 1861.



THE LATE REV. DR. MURRAY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BEISCHKEHOFF AT LAWRENCE'S GALLERY.]

ceeding down Charleston harbor, bound for New York, and having on board among the passengers the wives—about twenty in number—and children belonging to the soldiers stationed in Fort Sumter, a somewhat exciting scene occurred. On nearing the fort the whole garrison was seen, mounted on the top of the ramparts, and when the ship was passing fired a gun and gave three heart-thrilling cheers as a parting farewell to the dear loved ones on board, whom they may possibly never meet again this side the grave.

"The response was weeping and 'waving adieu' to husbands and fathers. A small band went up in an isolated fort, and completely surrounded by instruments of death, as five forts could be seen from the steamer's deck, with their guns pointing toward Sumter.

"As the ship proceeded on her voyage, the earnest prayer of many sympathizing hearts on board was that no collision would ever take place between these men, so hotly arrayed against each other, but who are in reality brothers."

REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D.D.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Murray, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, which occurred on the 4th of February, 1861, is a loss to the Church and the world. We present his portrait in this paper, and desire to record, in a few words, our sense of his worth and his greatness, and our personal sorrow in the decrease of a valued correspondent and a loved friend.

He was a native of Ireland, and largely endowed with the finest qualities peculiar to the noblest sons of the Emerald Isle. His warm and glowing heart, his genial humor, his sparkling wit, the ready repartee, the enthusiastic temperament, the generous disposition, were the natural traits of character that made him the best of company and the most constant of friends.

He was born on Christmas-day, in the year 1802. While he was yet a mere boy his father died, and young Nicholas was put into a store to begin, almost without education, the struggle and labors of life. At the early age of twelve he was keeping a set of books in a store in Dublin. Induced by the reports from America to believe that his chances of success would be greater here, he came to this country in 1818, and immediately found employment in the establishment of Harper & Brothers, and a home in the family of his employers. While here, he was brought into such associations and under such influences as led him to forsake the Roman Catholic Church, in which he had been born, and first connecting himself as a probationer with the John Street Methodist Episcopal Church, soon after became a member of the Brick Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Spring was and is the pastor.

While yet at work at the printing press he commenced study in preparation for the ministry, in connection with a fellow-apprentice, now the Rev. I. C. Oakley, of Cold Spring, New York. He entered Williams College, under the Presidency of the distinguished Dr. Edward Dorr Griffin, and graduated with honor in 1826; and afterward pursued a thorough course of theological study at the

Seminary in Princeton, New Jersey. After a few months of itinerant service in connection with the American Tract Society, he was settled over two churches in Wyoming Valley, Wilkesbarre and Kingston, Pennsylvania. His remarkable pulpit talents and his high promise attracted attention, and in 1833 he was called and installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, one of the largest churches in the Presbyterian denomination. Here he spent the remainder of his life, twenty-eight years of eminent usefulness, untiring labor, and the most enviable of human distinction—a career marked by ceaseless devotion to the best interests of his people and the highest good of the human family. The various institutions of Christian benevolence called him to their councils, and he served them with self-denying activity. The cause of education in the Church and in the State was an object to which he gave constant attention; and colleges, seminaries, and schools found him an appreciating director, supporter, and friend.

In the year 1847 he addressed a series of letters to Bishop Hughes, the distinguished prelate at the head of the Roman Catholic Church in New York. These letters first appeared in the New York Observer, and were extensively reprinted in other papers, languages, and lands. They presented the history of the writer's progress from Romanism to Protestantism, and examined the reasons for adhering to the Church of Rome. The vivacious style, the genial humor, biting sarcasm, anecdotes, incidents, illustration, argument, and appeals blended so harmoniously as to give them a popularity perhaps without a parallel in religious literature. The first series was followed by a second and third. The same is *plume* of the writer, KIRKMAN, could not conceal the New Jersey divine, and his name became familiar in all Christian lands. Crossing a ferry in Scotland the boatman approached him, and saying he had been told by some one on board that he was from America, asked "if he had ever seen a man by the name of Kirkman?" He had been reading his letters to Bishop Hughes, and would like to hear about the author.

Dr. Murray made two or three journeys in Europe, seeking relaxation from his arduous labors, and gathering materials for those contributions which he gave to the press. His letters have been collected in volumes, and are published under the following titles: "Letters to Bishop Hughes;" "Romanism at Home;" "Men and Things in Europe;" "American Principles on National Prosperity;" "Parish and Other Penicillings;" "The Happy Home."

On Friday, February 1, he was attacked by neuralgia in the chest; the distress continued without awakening serious apprehensions until Monday the 4th, in the evening, when a sudden fainting fit, under intense pain, gave him warning that his hour had come. "My work is done," he said; and giving his dying counsel to his family, send-

ing messages to about friends, commending those he loved, his church, and his country, and his own spirit, to the God whom he served, he lifted up his hands, pronounced a parting blessing on all around him, and with all the calmness and composure of one "lying down to sleep," he fell asleep. "He fell asleep," he fell asleep.

In person Dr. Murray was a model of manly vigor; of middle height, broad chest and shoulders, with a round ruddy face, a broad, high forehead, and benevolent, pleasant expression of countenance, his appearance was at once attractive and commanding. In conversation, overflowing with humor, he was the soul of good company. As a pastor he was always at work, ready at every call; in the chamber of sickness, in the homes of the poor, among the young—everywhere he was found, and always a welcome guest. His preparations for the pulpit were made with the greatest care, his sermons being completed as if for the press, and often far in advance of the time when they were to be delivered.

His funeral was attended on Friday, February 8, with every demonstration of respect and affection that could be paid by the most affectionate people. All the places of business in the city were closed. The bells of all the churches tolled in concert as the procession walked the streets. A hundred clergymen wept over his lifeless clay. Eloquent eulogies were pronounced in the church that was draped in mourning and crowded to its utmost capacity by a mourning congregation. His remains were laid in the yard adjoining the church, in the midst of his children and his beloved flock.

level of traffic frayed out about the Cross-Keys, Wood Street, Chesapeake, London.

We Britons had at that time particularly settled that it was treasonable to doubt our having and our being the best of every thing; otherwise, while I was scared by the immensity of London, I think I might have had some faint doubts whether it was not rather ugly, crooked, narrow, and smoky.

Mr. Jaggers had duly sent me his address; it was Little Britain, and he had written after it on his card, "just out of Smithfield, and close by the coach-office." Nevertheless, a hackney-coachman, who seemed to have as many capes to me up in his coach, as he was years old, packed his greasy great-coat as he was years old, packed a folding and jingling barrier of steps, as if he were going to take me fifty miles. His getting on his box, which I remember to have been decorated with an old weather-stained pea-green hammer-cloth, moth-eaten into rags, was quite a work of time. Altogether, it was a wonderful ragged thing behind for I don't know how many footmen to hold on by, and a narrow bel- low, to prevent amateur footmen from yielding to the temptation.

I had scarcely had time to enjoy the coach and to think how like a damp straw-yard it was, and yet how like a rag-shop, and to wonder why the horses' nose-bags were kept inside, when I observed the coachman beginning to get down, as if we were going to stop presently. And stop we presently did, in a gloomy street, at certain offices with an open door, whereon was painted Mr. Jaggers.

"How much?" I asked the coachman. The coachman answered, "A shilling—unless you wish to make it more."

I naturally said I had no wish to make it more. "Then it must be a shilling," observed the coachman. "I don't want to get into trouble. I know him!" He darkly closed an eye at Mr. Jaggers's name, and shook his head.

When he had got his shilling, and had in course of time completed the ascent to relieve his mind, I went into the front office with my little portmanteau in my hand, and asked, Was Mr. Jaggers at home?

"He is not," returned the clerk. "He is in Court at present. Am I addressing Mr. Pip?" I signified that he was addressing Mr. Pip. "Mr. Jaggers left word you would you wait in his room. He couldn't say how long he might be, having a case on. But it stands to reason, his time being valuable, that he won't be longer than he can help."

With those words the clerk opened a door, and ushered me into an inner chamber at the back. Here we found a gentleman with one eye, in a velvet suit and knee-breeches, who wiped his nose with his sleeve on being interrupted in the perusal of the newspaper.

"Go and wait outside, Mike," said the clerk. I began to say that I hoped I was not interrupting—when the clerk showed this gentleman out with a little ceremony as I ever saw used, and tossing his fur cap out after him, left me alone.

Mr. Jaggers's room was lighted by a skylight only, and was a most dismal place; the skylight eccentrically patched, like a broken head, and the distorted adjoining houses looking as if they had twisted themselves to peep down at me through it. There were not so many papers about as I should have expected to see; and there were some odd objects about that I should not have expected to see—such as an old rusty pistol, a sword in a scabbard, several strange-looking boxes and packages, and two dreadful casts on a shelf, faces peculiarly swollen, and twitchy about the nose. Mr. Jaggers's own high-

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE journey from our town to the metropolis was a journey of about five hours. It was late past mid-day when the four-horse stage-coach by which I was a passenger got into the



"YOU INFERNAL SCOUNDREL, HOW DARE YOU TELL ME THAT?"

First, he took the two secret men. "Now, I have nothing to say to you," said Mr. Jagers, throwing his finger at them. "I want to know no more than I know. As to the result, it's a toss-up. I told you from the first it was a toss-up. Have you paid Wemmick?" "We made the money up this morning, Sir," said one of the men, submissively, while the other perused Mr. Jagers's face.

After some helpless casting about, Mike began and began again:

about his utterance of these words that r

her | morrow with me than with him, and might

There was an air of toleration or deprecia-
about his utterance of these words that re-

her | morrow with me than with him, and might



FORT PICKENS, PENSACOLA HARBOR, FLORIDA—LOOKING SEAWARD. FORT M'RAE IN THE DISTANCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY MRS. LEUTENANT GILMAN, JUST ARRIVED FROM PENSACOLA.—[SEE PAGE 122.]



PORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS KEY, FLORIDA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A MEMBER OF THE GARRISON.—[See Page 122.]

FORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS.

FROST PICTURES

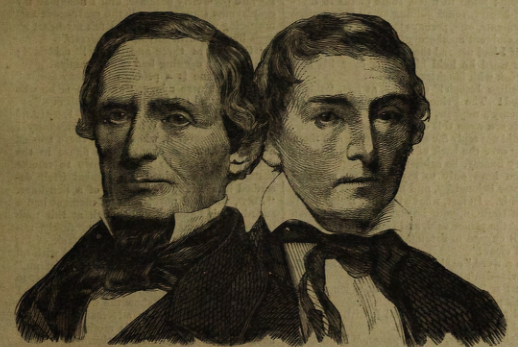
CHAPTER

CHAPTER

Then breakfast—and away the two girls started for a walk on the hard snow, to plan out walks and sleigh-rides and skating parties innumerable;—Mr. May to the counting-room of the mill, where no sign of life betokened the faithful agent who was supposed to be there on all occasions. The said young gentleman was at that moment just about arraying himself for a hunting expedition, after which he proposed to hire a team and proceed to the next town for a pleasure excursion, and settle all bills out of the money deposited in his hands for the purchase of wool and for the payment of a few hands engaged in some minor operations during the stoppage of the big wheel, which was now fast festering by the thick ice. The knowledge



LIEUT. SLEMMER, U.S.A., COMMANDING FORT PICKENS.—(FROM A DAGUERROTYPE.—[SEE PAGE 122.]



DAVIS AND STEPHENS, PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY. (PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.)

PRESIDENT DAVIS AND VICE-PRESIDENT STEPHENS.

THE accompanying portraits of Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens will introduce to our readers the newly-elected President and Vice-President of the new Southern Confederacy, organized at Montgomery, Alabama, on 4th February.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, the new President, was born in Kentucky about 1806, and is consequently about 54 years old. Having migrated to the Territory of Mississippi, with his father, when a boy, he owed to President Monroe the favor of being admitted at West Point, from which institution he graduated in 1828. He was lucky enough to be employed on active service at once, under Colonel (afterward President) Z. Taylor, and served throughout the Black Hawk War. His capture of the chief Black Hawk, and the friendship which sprang up between him and his prisoner, are among the most romantic episodes of the history of the war. In 1835, having married a daughter of General Taylor, he settled down on a cotton plantation in Mississippi, and acquired some wealth. In 1845 he was elected to Congress from that State; but at the outbreak of the Mexican War he resigned his seat in Congress, volunteered, raised a regiment in Mississippi, of which he was Colonel, and accompanied General Taylor in his campaign, distinguishing himself signally at Buena Vista. In 1848 he was chosen to the United States Senate. In 1851 he resigned his seat in the Senate to run for Governor of Mississippi, as the representative of the Unionist party, but was handsomely defeated by Mr. Foote, the Union candidate. In 1853 he entered the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce as Secretary of War, and held the office till the election of Mr. Buchanan. He then accepted the seat in the Senate which he filled till the State of Mississippi passed an ordinance of secession. He was recently chosen by the Montgomery Convention First President of the Southern Confederacy. Personally, Mr. Davis is a very gentlemanly man, with a soldierly bearing, and rather stern manners; as a speaker, he is fluent, clear, forcible, and sometimes eloquent.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia, the Vice-President of the new Southern Confederacy, was born in Georgia on 11th February, 1812, and is consequently forty-nine years of age. In his youth he was poor, and owed his education to the kindness of friends. In 1834 he took his position at the Georgia bar, and instantly gave proof of the talents which have since led him to be considered the "strongest man in the South." In 1848 he

was elected to Congress as a Whig; but at the dissolution of the Whig party he acted with the democracy of the South, and soon became their leader in Congress. He remained in Congress till the election of 1858, when he refused to be a candidate any longer, and withdrew—as he supposed—from public life. Mr. Stephens is a remarkable example of what energy may do for a man. He has all his life been a martyr to disease, and has never weighed over ninety-six pounds. His voice is shrill, and at first quite unpleasant to the ear; but his eloquence is so sure and practical, and his judgment so reliable, that, wherever he is, he is sure to be a leader. He was a warm opponent of the secession movement in Georgia.

THE BLACK SPOT.

THERE was much mirth in Hong Kong. The ball at the club-rooms in Victoria Town eclipsed those which the governor and the chief justice, and the 117th in their white-washed mess-room, and the admiral on his gayly lighted flagship, had given during the past fortnight. Beyond comparison—the belle of the ball-room—was the beautiful Mrs. G.—a fair young wife, almost a bride, who had just come out from England with her husband, Captain G.—the junior captain of the Rifles. All the ensigns and middies, and half the lieutenants, naval and military, to say nothing of the paroled young gentlemen in mercantile houses, were fairly raving about the angelic stranger. The foolish boys devoured her with their eyes, and wrote sonnets to her eyebrows, for aught I know, and she never moved along the little parade at land-time without an overwhelming escort, but no one ever said that Georgie was not worthy of the good luck he had found, and the great prize he had drawn in the lottery matrimonial—in the "best fellow" in service. On this night Mrs. G.—was in the highest spirits, and waltzed, and flirted, well to all appearance, and was the very centre of attraction—the target of all eyes. Georgie, who knew her too well to be easily made jealous, was in very good spirits, too; so



LIEUT. GILMAN, U.S.A., OF THE GARRISON AT FORT PICKENS.—(FROM AN AMBROTYPE.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

were most people. Mrs. G.— went through dance after dance, as the band played on with admirable taste and spirit, and still partners buzzed about her, and her little ivory memorandum-book was as filled with writing as a bank ledger.

When she entered the tea-room on one occasion, early in the evening, the old *comprador* Ching-Lung, who presided over the waiters, and was steward of the club, started as he looked keenly at the beautiful "Fankie" lady. She passed by him, repressing, good-naturedly, a smile at his outlandish dress and figure. He stared after her with seeming rudeness or curiosity, and then gave a grunt, and wheeled off to his avocations. Several officers noticed this, but Ching was a character, and no one asked what he meant, or if he meant any thing. It was an hour or more before Mrs. G.— left the ball-room again. This time she entered the supper-room, leaning on her partner's arm. While the latter procured her some refreshment, the old Chinaman hovered near, looked sharply at the fair "barbarian," and then drew back with a muttered remark in his native tongue. Mrs. G.— never noticed him. Two minutes after, Ching-Lung was seen in close confabulation with the doctor of the Rifles, a sensible, experienced surgeon, who had been three years in Hong Kong, who had served on the medical staff in the old war, and who was regarded as the chief professional authority on the island. Dr. Rogers was a man who knew China well. He seemed much disturbed as Ching took him by the lapel of his coat, and whispered some communication. The two men's eyes ranged across the ball-room, in the doorway of which they stood a little apart, and fixed on Mrs. G.— The eyes of several loungers followed theirs by a common impulse. What did they see? Surely no terrible sight, but a

young, happy, high-bred Englishwoman, radiant with beauty, health, and gaiety, crowned with flowers, and sweeping through the ball-room like its queen. What was there in all this to make old Ching purse up his expressive Chinese mouth, and Dr. Rogers lift his eyebrows, and bite his lips, with a brow that knit with a spasm of involuntary anxiety? Smoothing his ruffled brow, the doctor stepped from his place, passed Mrs. G.—, and looked full and steadily on her face. She looked surprised, and a little annoyed, but presently turned away smiling. She thought the doctor, no doubt, an odd, rude old gentleman. Very much compressed were the doctor's lips, and very often did the frown of care return to the doctor's brow, as he threaded his way through the crowd, most of whom had some slight or merry remark to bestow on so popular a character, until he reached the place where Captain G.— was talking to the Colonel's wife and two other ladies seated on an ottoman. The doctor drew Georgie aside; they were old friends; and begged as a particular favor that he would take his wife home, away from the ball, but without alarming her.

"Alarming her!" said Georgie, quite in the dark as to the other's meaning. "Why, what a Blue Beard you would make me turn out, doctor! She's engaged twelve deep, I'll be bound, and it wants an hour of supper-time, and I can't get her away. Besides, she's not tired. Why *should* she go, you know?"

To this Dr. Rogers merely answered that he begged as a favor that Captain G.— would take Mrs. G.— home. It must be done, and would be for the best. And being hard pressed for his reason, the doctor said Mrs. G.— was about to be ill. It was his duty to ask her husband to take her away from the crowded room.





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